

# THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

WORLD'S—1904—FAIR.

NINETY-FOURTH YEAR.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1902.

PRICE (In St. Louis One Cent. Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.)

## TELEPHONE LINEMAN PLUNGED TO DEATH

William McCoy Fell Thirty Feet  
at Ninth Street and Cass  
Avenue.

## HIS LEG-IRON SPUR SLIPPED.

Main Endeavor to Hold to the  
Smooth Pole—Father of  
Three Small Children.

The spur of his leg iron slipping, William McCoy, a lineman for the Kinloch Telephone Company, fell thirty feet to the pavement from a pole at Ninth street and Cass avenue yesterday morning. He was picked up unconscious and sent to the City Hospital, where he died five hours later. He leaves a sister and three small children at his home, No. 16 South Seventeenth street.

McCoy was sent to Ninth street and Cass avenue to repair wires. He climbed about half way up the pole and, seating himself on a small platform fastened against the side, as a seat for those at work, mended the wires and then started down the pole. He drove the spur of his leg iron into the side of the pole, and, bearing all his weight on one foot, released his hold on the platform and tried to find a place for the spur on his other leg iron. Either the pole was rotten or he had not driven the spur into the wood far enough, for with a wrench the spur came out of the wood and he found himself slipping.

He endeavored to catch the side of the pole, but its smooth surface afforded no hold, and with a cry he fell to the pavement, thirty feet below, striking on his head. He was picked up unconscious by spectators and an ambulance summoned. He reached the City Hospital at 10 o'clock. He died at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

McCoy had been in the employ of the Kinloch company several months, and was considered one of its best linemen. About three months ago his wife died and he was left with the care of three small children. Since then a sister has kept house for him.

## MISSOURI UNIVERSITY BACCALAUREATE DAY

Sermon to Students Is Preached by  
the Reverend Henry Van  
Dyke, D. D.

Columbia, Mo., June 1.—The attendance at the baccalaureate services of the sixteenth annual commencement of the University of Missouri to-day was the largest for years. The exercises were opened with the benediction and the Reverend W. W. Elwang, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbia, offered the invocation.

The sermon was preached by the Reverend Henry Van Dyke, D. D., LL. D., of Princeton University. He took for his text the first verse of the third chapter of Colossians: "If ye, then, be risen of Christ, seek those things which are above where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

"There is noble music which lifts the heart like a tide from the sea, sweeping away all things that are low and base, filling it with high thoughts and generous desires," said the minister. "There is music that plays upon the strings of sensual passion and vulgar mirth, strumming and tinkling an accompaniment to the reckless dance of ephemeral souls above the catarract of fatal folly, or beating a brutal march for the passions of pride and cruelty towards the pit of death."

"There are pictures that immortalize the great moments of history, the fine aspirations of humanity, the fair scenes of nature. There are pictures that lavish all the resources of the most consummate art to perpetuate the memory of the noblest and the most beautiful of all high aims. There are pictures that speak of heaven and virtue and purify our hearts with pity, fear and love. There are plays that present life as a coarse and tedious farce or gloomy indecency and unfaithfulness, or make a bitter jest of the impotence of all goodness and the tragic failure of all high aim."

"There are books that speak of the moon-crests and the dark spiritual and the noble and fine ideals. There are books which leave a bad taste in the mind and weaken every fiber of spiritual courage and poison the springs of imagination at the fountain head."

"It is for us to choose in which of these two paths of art we will walk. It is for us to choose whether we will have for our companions the writers like Shakespeare and Milton and Tennyson, who reveal human nature in the light of duty and courage and hope, or the poets like Byron, Eschschler, De Vries, who flatter sensual passions and the darker spiritual. The choice determines our destiny. Our intellectual nature is like the chameleon—it takes color from that on which it feeds. Tell me what music you love, what dramas are your favorites, what books you read when you are alone, and I will tell you what you are moving, upward or downward."

"Yes, my friends, this division between the things that are above and the things that are beneath runs through our whole life. Even in religion there is a higher and a lower side, and upon our choice between these two sides depends the influence which religion is to have upon our destiny. There is a kind of religion, so-called, which consists chiefly of abstract doctrines embodied in a system, and outward ceremonies arranged in a ritual. All its stress is laid on the correct statement of these doctrines and the punctual performance of these ceremonies. It is from me to say that creeds are useless. They are as essential to us as grammars are to literature. Nor do I believe that there are any true churches without some forms of worship. They are as useful as tactics are to an army. But when we mistake these things for the reality of religion, when we rest in them and repose upon them as sufficient to insure our personal salvation, then we forget to seek the things that are above."

"I believe that a religion must become a sensation, a faith, a living religion. For above it shines that blessed state of daily dependence upon God and intercourse with him, of real fellowship with Christ and His love for our fellow-men in which alone pure religion and unselfish consistency. That is what we are to seek, just because it is above us. We are not to make puppets of ourselves in tiny rituals and content our souls with the smell of incense or the singing of psalms. We are not to settle down comfortably in the conviction that we are to be saved and raised from the dead at the last day. We are to look and long and struggle upward; we are to rise with Christ now toward the things that are above."

# 120,000.... NOT FAR OFF

THE circulation statement of The Republic for the month of May is subjoined. It is the best month's record The Republic has ever shown and has never been matched by any St. Louis newspaper, or by any newspaper west of the Mississippi River.

Every month increases The Republic's lead in the St. Louis circulation field. Its daily average for the month of May, after deducting all unsold copies, considerably exceeded that of any other St. Louis newspaper, morning or evening.

The bona-fide paid circulation of The Republic is first in every particular.

First in Carrier Delivery to St. Louis Homes.

First in Total St. Louis Circulation, Carrier and Newsboy.

First in Aggregate Circulation, Including City and Country.

## THE MAY FIGURES

Over  
54,000  
by...  
St. Louis  
Carriers.

Nearly  
Four Times  
As Many  
As Any  
Other  
Morning  
Newspaper.

\*\*\*\*\*

Charles W. Knapp, General Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of May, 1902, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date.	Copies.	Date.	Copies.
1.....	111,990	17.....	114,220
2.....	112,500	18 Sunday.....	119,340
3.....	114,940	19.....	113,430
4 Sunday.....	118,270	20.....	113,950
5.....	111,770	21.....	115,290
6.....	111,760	22.....	114,140
7.....	112,000	23.....	114,420
8.....	111,910	24.....	115,700
9.....	112,170	25 Sunday.....	120,250
10.....	114,170	26.....	114,170
11 Sunday.....	118,310	27.....	114,990
12.....	113,510	28.....	114,610
13.....	112,500	29.....	114,140
14.....	112,500	30.....	114,580
15.....	112,740	31.....	116,720
16.....	114,810		
Total for the month.....			3,547,350

Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed..... 63,110

Net number distributed..... 3,479,240

Average daily distribution..... 112,233

And said Charles W. Knapp further says that the number of copies returned and reported unsold during the month of May was 6.89 per cent.

CHAS. W. KNAPP.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of May, 1902.

J. F. FARISH.

Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo.

My term expires April 26, 1906.

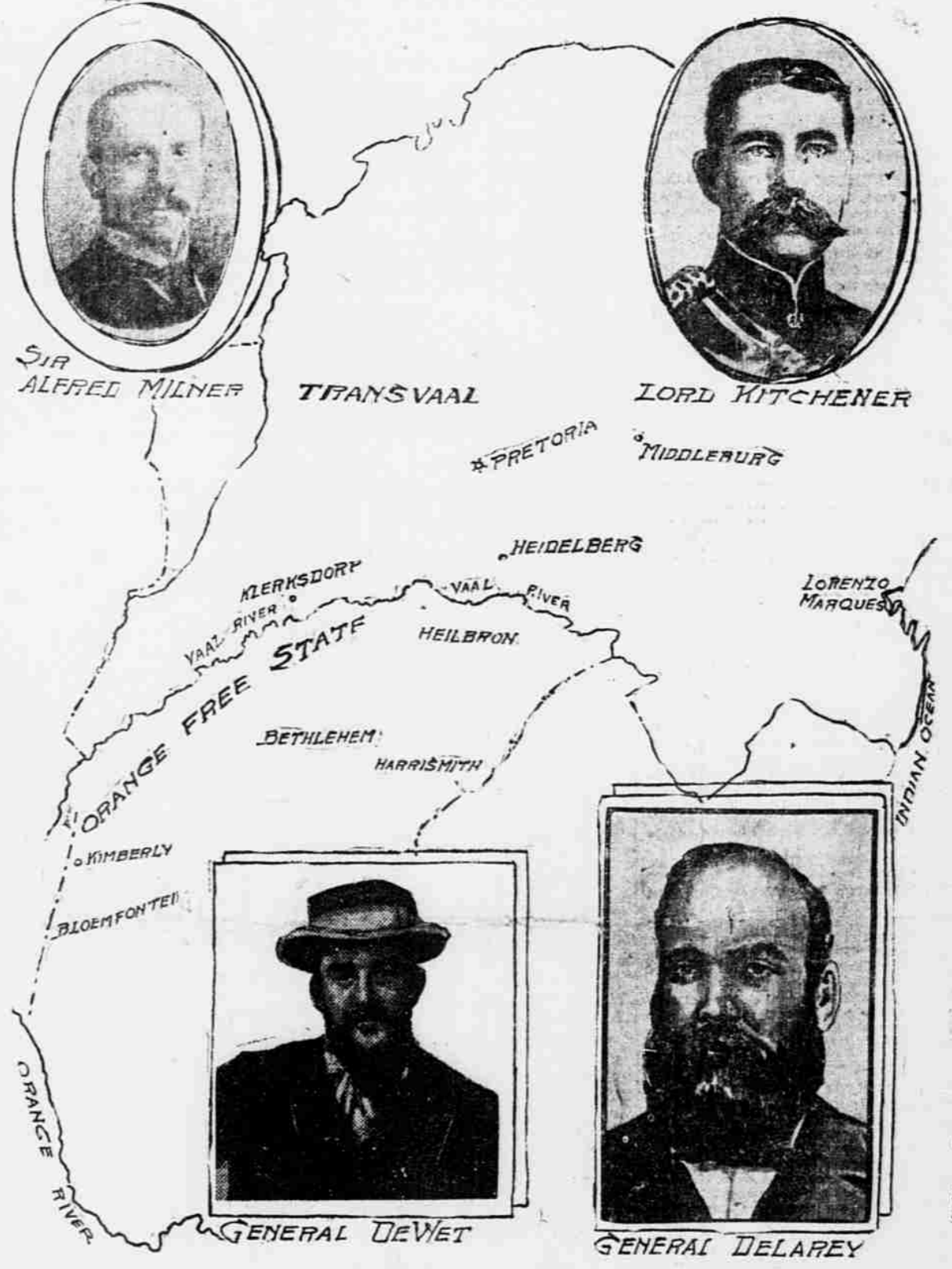
\*\*\*\*\*

Over  
54,000  
...by  
St. Louis  
Carriers.

More Than  
Double  
Any Other  
Morning  
...or  
Evening  
Newspaper

## BOERS ACCEPT BRITISH TERMS; ENGLISH JOY OVER WAR'S END.

Lord Kitchener Cables English War Department That All of the Boer Representatives Signed the Treaty of Peace—News First Broken to King Edward and His Cabinet and Then Announced to the People, Who Celebrated the End of War Deliriously.



The accompanying illustration shows the districts in South Africa which have been conquered by one of the most remarkable and picturesque wars in the world's history. Lord Kitchener and General De la Rey are figured prominently in the peace negotiations.

London, June 1.—Peace has been declared after nearly two years and eight months of war, which tried the British Empire to its uttermost and wiped the Boers from the list of nations.

The war has come to an end with Lord Kitchener's announcement from Pretoria that he, Lord Milner and Boer delegates had signed terms of surrender.

This announcement had been anticipated for several days, and it was definitely forecast in these dispatches, but its receipt Sunday afternoon took the nation by surprise, as everybody had confidently believed that the House of Commons would hear the first news to-day.

At about 5 o'clock word was received permitting the publication of this message, and the small notice which was stuck up outside the War Office consisted of a copy of Lord Kitchener's cablegram. A similar notice was put outside of the Colonial Office.

Beyond these two skimpy bits of paper London knew nothing of the great event. In the clubs, the hotels and the newspaper offices, which were almost deserted, the momentous news was talked up on the lips of the few who were left. At about 6 o'clock, London awoke to the fact that the South African war was over.

But the Government declined to take any chances, and nothing concerning the receipt of this message was allowed to leak out.

PUBLICATION OF NEWS FINALLY PERMITTED.

At about 5 o'clock word was received permitting the publication of this message, and the small notice which was stuck up outside the War Office consisted of a copy of Lord Kitchener's cablegram. A similar notice was put outside of the Colonial Office.

Beyond these two skimpy bits of paper London knew nothing of the great event. In the clubs, the hotels and the newspaper offices, which were almost deserted, the momentous news was talked up on the lips of the few who were left. At about 6 o'clock, London awoke to the fact that the South African war was over.

But the Government declined to take any chances, and nothing concerning the receipt of this message was allowed to leak out.

PUBLICATION OF NEWS FINALLY PERMITTED.

At about 5 o'clock word was received permitting the publication of this message, and the small notice which was stuck up outside the War Office consisted of a copy of Lord Kitchener's cablegram. A similar notice was put outside of the Colonial Office.

Beyond these two skimpy bits of paper London knew nothing of the great event. In the clubs, the hotels and the newspaper offices, which were almost deserted, the momentous news was talked up on the lips of the few who were left. At about 6 o'clock, London awoke to the fact that the South African war was over.

But the Government declined to take any chances, and nothing concerning the receipt of this message was allowed to leak out.

PUBLICATION OF NEWS FINALLY PERMITTED.

At about 5 o'clock word was received permitting the publication of this message, and the small notice which was stuck up outside the War Office consisted of a copy of Lord Kitchener's cablegram. A similar notice was put outside of the Colonial Office.

Beyond these two skimpy bits of paper London knew nothing of the great event. In the clubs, the hotels and the newspaper offices, which were almost deserted, the momentous news was talked up on the lips of the few who were left. At about 6 o'clock, London awoke to the fact that the South African war was over.

But the Government declined to take any chances, and nothing concerning the receipt of this message was allowed to leak out.

## LORD KITCHENER ANNOUNCES PEACE.

London, June 1.—An official cablegram from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, Saturday, May 31, 11:35 p. m., says:

"A document containing terms of surrender was signed here this evening at half past 10 o'clock by all the Boer representatives, as well as by Lord Milner, the British High Commissioner in South Africa, and myself."

But the Government declined to take any chances, and nothing concerning the receipt of this message was allowed to leak out.

PUBLICATION OF NEWS FINALLY PERMITTED.

At about 5 o'clock word was received permitting the publication of this message, and the small notice which was stuck up outside the War Office consisted of a copy of Lord Kitchener's cablegram. A similar notice was put outside of the Colonial Office.

Beyond these two skimpy bits of paper London knew nothing of the great event. In the clubs, the hotels and the newspaper offices, which were almost deserted, the momentous news was talked up on the lips of the few who were left. At about 6 o'clock, London awoke to the fact that the South African war was over.

But the Government declined to take any chances, and nothing concerning the receipt of this message was allowed to leak out.

PUBLICATION OF NEWS FINALLY PERMITTED.

At about 5 o'clock word was received permitting the publication of this message, and the small notice which was stuck up outside the War Office consisted of a copy of Lord Kitchener's cablegram. A similar notice was put outside of the Colonial Office.

Beyond these two skimpy bits of paper London knew nothing of the great event. In the clubs, the hotels and the newspaper offices, which were almost deserted, the momentous news was talked up on the lips of the few who were left. At about 6 o'clock, London awoke to the fact that the South African war was over.

But the Government declined to take any chances, and nothing concerning the receipt of this message was allowed to leak out.

PUBLICATION OF NEWS FINALLY PERMITTED.

At about 5 o'clock word was received permitting the publication of this message, and the small notice which was stuck up outside the War Office consisted of a copy of Lord Kitchener's cablegram. A similar notice was put outside of the Colonial Office.

Beyond these two skimpy bits of paper London knew nothing of the great event. In the clubs, the hotels and the newspaper offices, which were almost deserted, the momentous news was talked up on the lips of the few who were left. At about 6 o'clock, London awoke to the fact that the South African war was over.

But the Government declined to take any chances, and nothing concerning the receipt of this message was allowed to leak out.

PUBLICATION OF NEWS FINALLY PERMITTED.

At about 5 o'clock word was received permitting the publication of this message, and the small notice which was stuck up outside the War Office consisted of a copy of Lord Kitchener's cablegram. A similar notice was put outside of the Colonial Office.

Beyond these two skimpy bits of paper London knew nothing of the great event. In the clubs, the hotels and the newspaper offices, which were almost deserted, the momentous news was talked up on the lips of the few who were left. At about 6 o'clock, London awoke to the fact that the South African war was over.

thanksgiving were offered and special hymns were sung.

Lord Kitchener's dispatch was given at the War Office shortly before 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and was rapidly flashed all over the Kingdom.

ENTIRE NATION PLUNGED INTO WILD CELEBRATION.

The effect was marvelous. The feeling of suspense, even of doubt, suddenly gave place to a great wave of joy, and the entire nation plunged into a wild celebration.

The scenes in London to-night surpass even the wild enthusiasm of Mafeking of the night of universal rejoicing after the relief of Ladysmith. At night the streets were jammed with shouting and singing men, women and children. Almost every other person was waving a small union jack at the end of a cane or umbrella.

THOUSANDS OF FLAGS APPEARED ON STREET.

It is remarkable where these flags came from. In half an hour's time thousands were waving in the hands of the King's subjects.

It being Sunday there were, of course, not so many opportunities for celebrating the joyful news. It was first known in the West End, shortly before 5 o'clock. I happened to be at Mrs. Ronald's in Cadogan place, when, in the midst of some delightful music, the hostess suddenly rose and announced the news. It was brought, I heard, by Lady Lister Kaye.

H.M.P. NORDICA SANG "GOD SAVE THE KING."

All arose to their feet. Mrs. Nordics, who happened to be present, was led to the piano and, amidst very great excitement, sang a verse of "God Save the King."

I have never seen people so genuinely pleased. There seemed to be a sort of general handshaking. When I left the house it was quite evident that the people in the streets were aware of the good news. There was a general sense of happiness in the air.

The usual storm of rain that comes at about 5 o'clock every afternoon did its best to dampen the ardor and enthusiasm of the people, but failed ignominiously. On every corner knots of people stood eagerly discussing the joyful tidings. In the hotels there was an air of excitement in marked contrast to the usual placidity of a London Sunday.

SHOUTED THEIR GLEE THROUGH THE STREETS.

With the approach of evening the streets became more and more congested. Every bus had a top load of shouting people, who were cheered vociferously by those on foot.

Thousands and thousands of little flags were waved by surging crowds, while from the hotels and office buildings large flags were hung to the wind.

When darkness fell many gas and electric light illuminations, which were in place for the coronation days, flashed out in beautiful displays.

## MARK TWAIN'S BUSY SUNDAY IN HANNIBAL.

Attends Morning Services at Baptist Church and Makes Ten-Minute Address.

## DRIVES IN THE AFTERNOON.

Accompanied by an Old Schoolmate, He Visits Familiar Scenes of His Boyhood—Retires to His Room Worn Out.

## REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Hannibal, Mo., June 1.—When Mark Twain retired to his room to-night he was tired—more tired, he admitted, than he has been in a long time. It was a strenuous day for Mark Twain, also for Samuel L. Clemens. That the genial author-traveler is living a dual existence during his last visit to his old home no one who is familiar with his doings, his comings and goings in Hannibal will question.

As Mark Twain, world-famous, world-beloved, this gray-haired man of letters cannot escape paying the penalty of his success. He must be seen and greeted and lauded and he must play his part as one of a bit tired of it all and very much inclined to be just plain Sam Clemens once more for a few days.

In so far as his visit to Hannibal has made him forget the years that have silvered his hair and have taken him back to boyhood days, this visit has been to Mark Twain one of the keenest pleasures he has known. He says so himself.

To-night I saw him in his room at the hotel. He had assumed his favorite reading position—a reclining one in bed—and with one of his big black cigars in his mouth (the world knows that Mark Twain is an inveterate smoker) and a book in his hand, he was, as he expressed it, "relaxing for a night's rest."

Mark Twain's "Sermon." As Mark Twain, Mr. Clemens attended services at the Baptist Church this morning. Needless to say the church was crowded. Most Hannibal people go to church every Sunday, but to-day all went. Some

papers said this morning that Mr. Clemens would "preach." That was an error. Mr. Clemens never preaches—verbally, that is. Sometimes when he takes up his facile pen to write about "appetite cures" and such things, Mr. Clemens preaches eloquent, common-sense sermons—with ink—but never with spoken words.

At the conclusion of the regular services at the Baptist Church this morning, Mr. Clemens—of Mark Twain, it is hard to differentiate right here—made a ten-minute address to the friends of earlier days and their children and grand children. It was one of those simple, earnest, touching talks which the humorist can make on occasions as few men can make—straightforward, without flip or frill or pretense to embroidery.

In every word that he uttered could be guessed a dozen, unexpressed. At times, his voice showed the emotion he felt. His face, grave and kindly, spoke more than his tongue. It was his leave-taking of the old home, the old folks and the thousand and one dear memories of the past. He expressed his thankfulness for the warmth of the reception given him by the people of his boyhood's home and his wish for the happiness and prosperity of them all.

VISITED "OLD TOWN" OF SCIPPIO.

When he had finished, there were many who came to grasp his hand once more and, fearing they would be unable to see him to-morrow—his last day in Hannibal—to bid him farewell. There was real pathos in the scene. Not to Hannibal may be applied that old proverb: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

This afternoon Mark Twain as Sam Clemens drove over Hannibal and far out into the country, visiting many spots ever green in his memory because of youthful associations. He was accompanied by one of his old schoolmates, John B. Briggs. Several times, Mark Twain—no, Sam Clemens—got out of the buggy and walked again over a piece of turf or touched a stalwart, defiant forest tree, or tossed a stone into a brook, which he remembered as landmarks of his boyhood.

With Mr. Briggs, he paid a brief visit to the "Old Town" of Scipio—that was, but is not—a town that was founded, but never materialized. Here Sam Clemens spent many days when he was a boy.

His Last Day in Hannibal.

The drive terminated late in the evening. After dinner, Mr. Clemens retired to his room. His programme for to-morrow is a varied one. In the morning he will drive out to the suburban home of Colonel Mrs. Hatch, where he was a reception at a handsome home of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cruikshank. Early Tuesday morning he will take his last farewell of Hannibal from the window of a Pullman as he leaves the city for Columbia, where the degree of LL. D.

## LEADING TOPICS —IN— TO-DAY'S REPUBLIC.

### THE SUN RISES THIS MORNING AT 4:57 AND SETS THIS EVENING AT 7:19.

### THE MOON RISES TO-MORROW MORNING AT 2:33.

### WEATHER INDICATIONS.

For Missouri—Fair Monday and Tuesday, except showers in north-cooler Tuesday in northwest.

For Illinois—Showers Monday and Tuesday, except in extreme south-cooler Monday in central portion.

For Arkansas—Fair Monday and Tuesday.

For Eastern Texas—Fair Monday and Tuesday.

For Western Texas—Fair Monday; fair in south; showers and cooler in north.

1. Telephone Lineman Plunged to Death.

2. Missouri University Baccalaureate Day.

3. Police of Two Continents Look for Lost Ziem.

4. Editorials.

5. At the Summer Gardens.

6. Engaged in Bitterly Denouncing Themselves.

7. War Claim of Methodist Publishing-House Settled.

8. Republic "Want" Advertisements.

9. Republic "Want" Advertisements.

10. East Side News.

11. Race Entries.

12. Baseball.

13. Pugilistic Gossip.

14. Wheat Closes Firm. After Early Decline.

15. Produce.

16. Cotton.

17. Live Stock.

18. Growth of St. Louis Attracts Attention.

19. Catholic Knights in Parade and Picnic.

20. Charity Carnival to Begin To-night.

21. Crucial Period Politically.

will be conferred upon him by the University of Missouri.

Killed by Accidental Discharge.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Unita, I. T., June 1.—Burrell Trenary was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun to-day. The right arm of the unfortunate man was torn completely off.